……!!

M-miss Curator, you're too close!

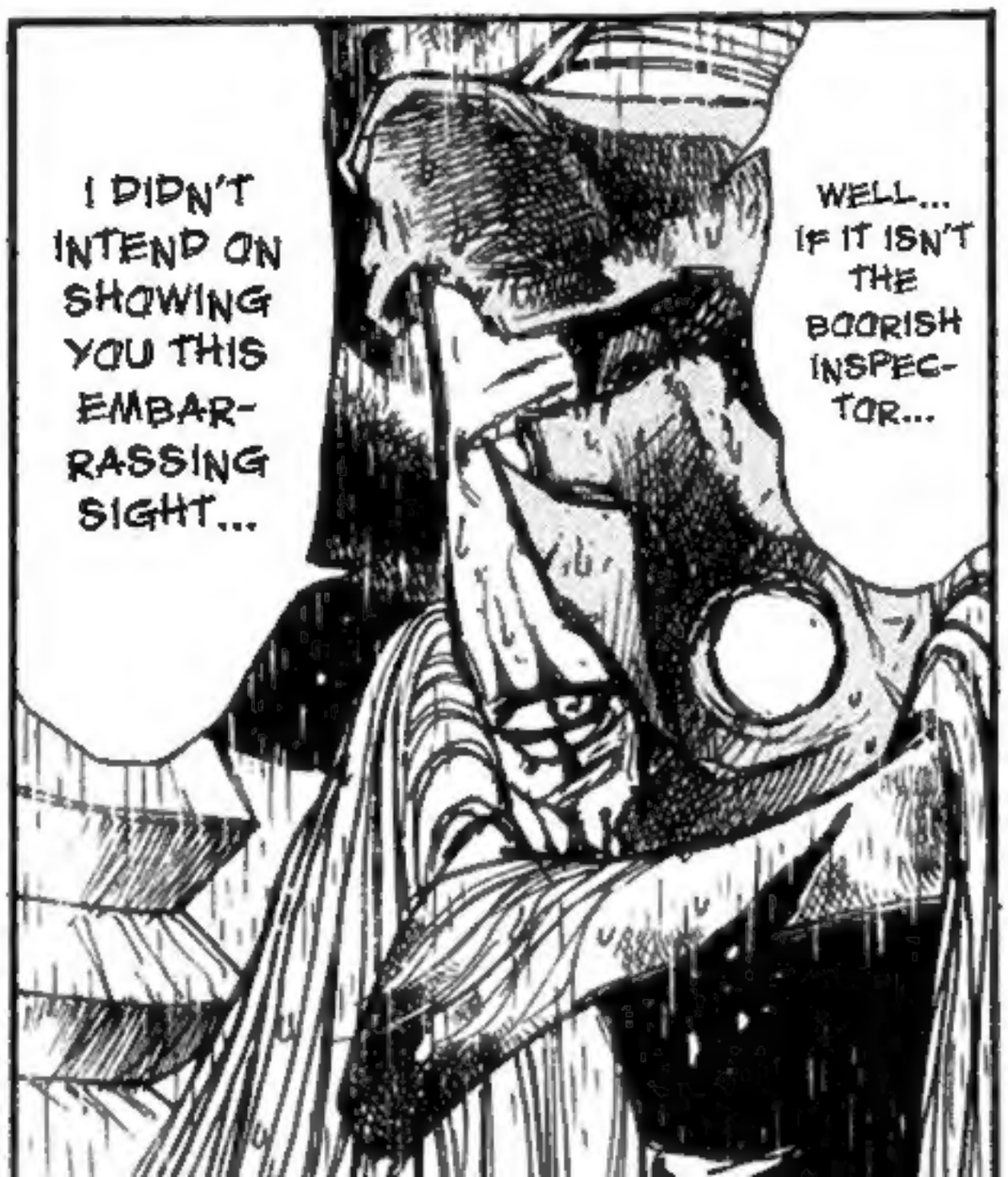
Yes, yes, I'll get to it so please just calm down... Ahem. It's now time,

W-W-WHAT HAPPENED TO WALTER AFTER BEING BEATEN BY THE FAKE SPRING-HEELED JACK!?

WALTER!

For the final chapter in the case of Spring-Heeled Jack...

Chapter 6
The Departure of Spring-Heeled Jack



Kukuku... I'm afraid I cannot comply...

LET WALTER GO AT ONCE!

FRANCIS BEAUMONT, YOU'RE THE ONE WHO KILLED THOSE WOMEN, AREN'T YOU!?

Ah, and here comes the express from Birmingham to London to assist me in that task...

Such creatures are better off dead.

Walter's been reduced to a butterfly which can fly no longer.

Do you remember, Walter? The time you arranged for one locomotive to collide head on to another?

Today will be your turn.

WHA...

I am Francis Beaumont no longer! From today forth, I am Walter Streid!

S-STOP IT, BEAUMONT!

YES.

Did you... See the wedding ceremony?

Ins... pector...

AN ABSOLUTE ANGEL.

As beautiful as ever...?

Was Margaret...

Did she...

Look happy...?

HAPPIER THAN ANYONE ELSE ON EARTH.

Worry not, Walter! I shall soon have that maid accompany you to where you're going!

Is that so...

WALTER!

T-THAT NUTTER!

GAH!

LET GOOO!

TRYING TO DRAG ME DOWN, ARE YOU!?

T-THE BRAKES!

LLLLET...

WHY!? WHY WOULD YOU OF ALL PEOPLE GO TO SUCH LENGTHS ALL FOR A SINGLE WOMAN!?

MEEEE

GOOOO!

AGHHH!

CAUGHT YOU AT LAST.

THE SPRING-HEELED JACK FROM 3 YEARS AGO!

7°ミル 77

SHUT UP, YOU PRAT...

You brutish excuse for a police officer...

You never let anything go, do you...

W we must have run over a monster!

W-what is this?

ゴ"ロロ

Hou perfect for the bride and groom about to step out as newly-weds!

What a clear and sunny day!

Look, the rain's stopped!

Go on then. Take your first step outside into the world as husband and wife.

わあわあ

わあわあ

I suppose there's no real reason for Lord Streid to come all the way to give his blessing to one of his maids.

Well, the bride was but a mere maid, after all.

Just another one of his whims, I bet.

I say, Lord Streid never even showed up, did he?

わあわあ ぱち ぱち ぱち

わおおお

This costume is reinforced u ith steel plates for the limbs and abdomen... I'll be fine.

DO YOU HAVE ANY SERIOUS INJURIES?

ガラ ガラ

おおおお

おおお

ヒュウ　ウ　ゥ

Of course not...

ON SUCH A HAPPY OCCASION WHEN THE WEDDING BELLS TOLL?

ARE YOU CRYING, WALTER,

Merely thinking of the next antic I'll amuse myself with...

I'm...

A game without any troublesome women would be best...

I believe,

Whew.

So that leg alone should be the only evidence left for the case of Spring Heeled Jack.

The rest of Beaumont's body was torn to pieces...

Yes.

To think that's what happened... So that is how this leg came to be found there in the cemetary.

Oh not at all. I enjoyed your story very much.

Ah, I see. My apologies for taking so much of your time.

It's almost time for the Black Museum to close, Inspector Rockenfield.

My, would you look at the time?

パチ

Whatever became of him?

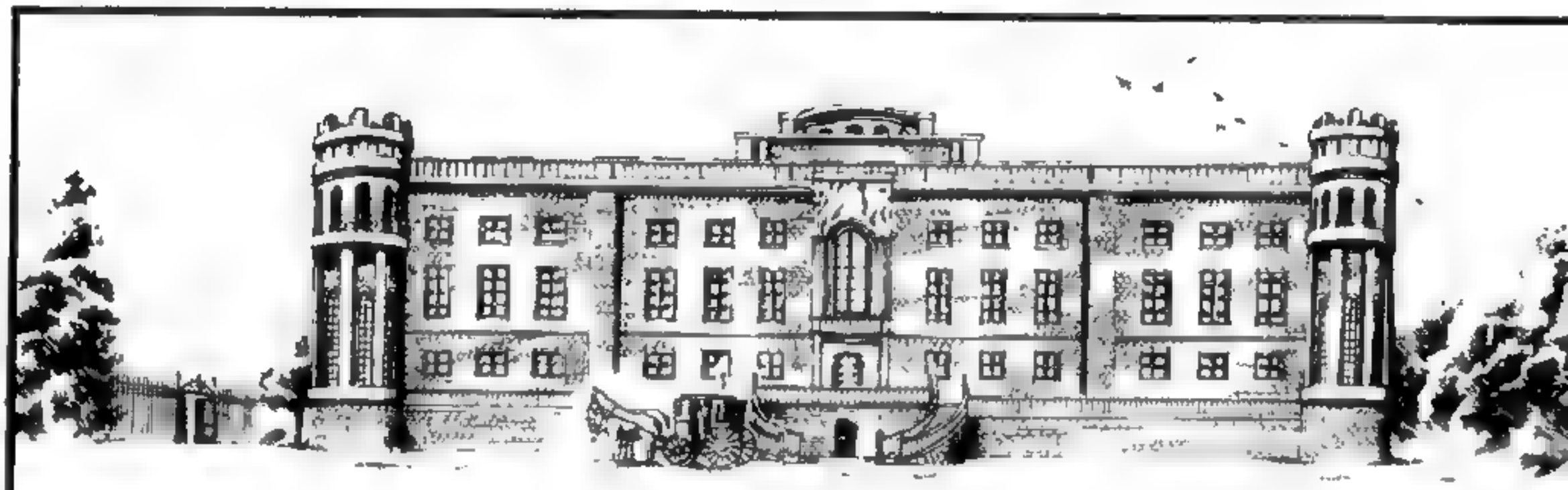
...But about the real Spring-Heeled Jack, Lord Streid.

I'm sure... He's still ashamed of his former escapades...

Who knows...

ヒュオ

ガチャ
Fufu... Such a fanciful thought...
Hm?



What is the name of these beautiful flowers?

I've decided to return to Ireland for the moment, so I will hand over my mansion in England to you. Feel free to do as you wish with it.

To my dear friend, Henry Shellby.

Send my best regards to your wife as well.

Sincerely,
Walter de la Poer Streid

Take a guess,

Dear...

Oh?

Oh?

Spring-heeled Jack never existed.
Farewell.

Fufu.

Good-night,

Springald.

ドイツ

T-T
Springald

T-T-T
Springald

BLACK MUSEUM
THE END

The Black Museum's Bulletin

黒博物館館報
閲覧の手引き

vol. 4

Jinka Katsuo

The Marquess Walter de la Poer Streid of this manga is actually based on the real life historical figure, the 3rd Marquess of Waterford, Henry de la Poer Beresford.

He was born in 1811, making him a 26-year old bachelor living at a villa in London when Spring-Heeled Jack made his first appearance in 1837. He was the second son of his father (with whom he shared his name), a wealthy nobleman who owned vast tracts of land in Ireland and England. Raised in an environment without the slightest discomfort, Henry grew up to be a selfish and unruly child.

Black haired with large, round eyes, he was nicknamed "Pop-eyes" by his peers, though none would dare call him that to his face. He was built large and had a reputation for being a quick-tempered hooligan. During his school-years at Eton in Windsor, he and his delinquent friends were once disciplined for peeing onto their teachers from the rooftop. Another such incident was while at Oxford University, he destroyed the house of the ringleader who organized a gang that had roughed him up during one evening.

His physical prowess was put to good use in sports, as he was selected the best rower in his eight-crew rowing team at Oxford. Being a handsome man who freely spent money, he was also quite popular with the ladies. This aristocratic hooligan, to whom brawls and visits to the police were everyday occurrences, was one of the police's prime suspects when people began to suspect if Spring-Heeled Jack might not be some debauched nobleman in disguise.

Nevertheless, Henry paid no mind to the rumours and continued his rowdy ways.

Portrait of Marquess of Waterford (drawn in 1837), the most likely candidate of Spring-Heeled Jack

One of his companions, in his later years, stated, "The young Henry was a regular to gambling dens and brothels, who spent his days getting drunk and playing vulgar jokes with his hooligan friends and prostitutes. At times, he would bring a large blood-hound to a church and threaten priests with it, while at other times, he would put a donkey to sleep on a bed at an inn to scare guests. Once, after losing a great deal sum of money in a gamble, he smashed an expensive French clock with his fist in anger. On one special occasion, he paid an enormous sum of money to a railroad company to have two steam locomotives collide head on to each other just out of curiosity."

He was also a skilled boxer with a powerful fist, and he would go out into the town looking for fights to relieve his stress whenever he was in a bad mood. There were times when his opponent had proven to be far more than he could handle, and his companions had to carry him back to his house and call the doctor. In addition, he was known for his equestrian skills, and he apparently liked to jump across rooftops of buildings while riding his horse.

Having said all that, it should come as no surprise that he and his wild deeds were often the subject of the papers. However, it was not always bad news. In June 21, 1838, The Times reported that the Marquess of Waterford, while travelling in Ireland, saw a splendid horse that ran faster than the horse he was on. Immediately, he talked with the farmer who owned the horse to buy it off for a high price. However, just then, the horse went berserk and hurt the owner. The marquess then quickly calmed down the horse with his own brute strength, carried the injured farmer to a hospital, paid for his treatment, and then returned his horse.

During the time Spring-Heeled Jack was making frequent appearances, the ordinarily robust marquess was purportedly ill and did not meet anyone for a while. His friends suspected he was faking illness and pondered whether he was going around disguised as Spring-Heeled Jack for his latest prank. During one incident at Ashworth, Spring Heeled Jack had been seen wearing a cloak with an embroidered coat of arms and a "W," which may have possibly stood for Waterford. Henry also did have some mechanical engineers as friends and it's not unreasonable to think that he really did arrange for the invention of a spring heeled contraption as this manga depicted.

Whatever the truth was, after his marriage at 31 years of age, Henry abruptly ceased his rowdy ways. And in March of 1859, while out fox hunting, he fell from his horse when it failed to clear a fence, which broke his neck and killed him instantly. He was 48 years old at the time of his death. A rather anti climactic end for the supposed identity behind Spring Heeled Jack.

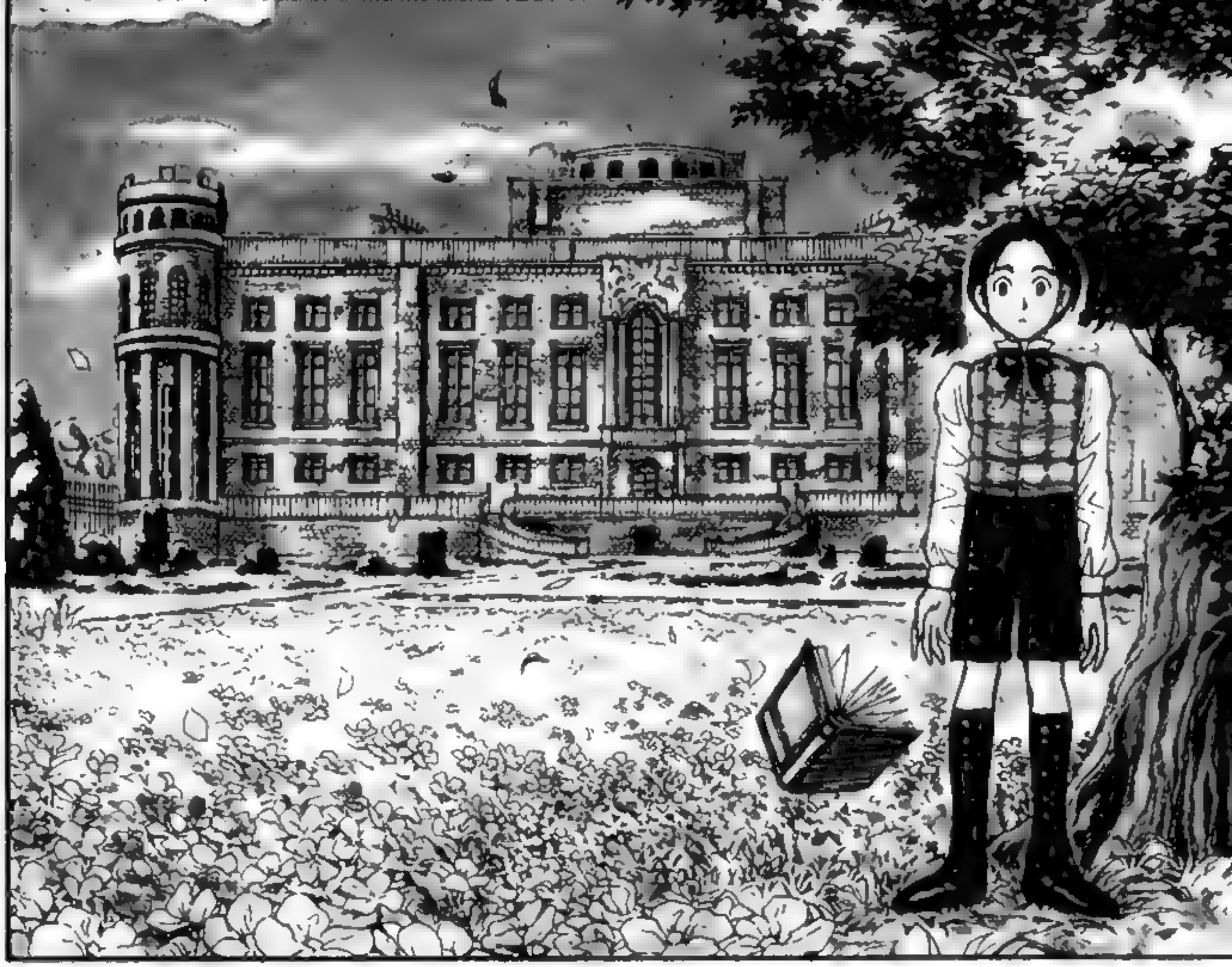
黒博物館 The Black Museum

スプリンガルド Springald Side Story

Mother Goose

Part 1

What are little girls made of?
What are little girls made of?
Sugar and spice
And everything nice,
That's what little girls are made of.
What are little boys made of?
What are little boys made of?
Frogs and snails
And puppy-dogs' tails,
That's what little boys are made of.



I CAME FROM OUTSIDE BY CLIMBING OVER THE GATES.

AND WHEN ASKING FOR ANOTHER'S NAME, ONE MUST NAME ONE'S OWN FIRST!

Where did you come from?

Whom might you be?

HM,

I SEE.

スタ

スタ

スタ

M-my name is Arthur Shellby. I live here...

Err... W-wait...!

I'VE GOT BUSINESS WITH SOMETHING IN YOUR HOUSE SO BE MY GUIDE!

I'M JULIET.

Err... Where are you going?

WHAT!?

YOU'RE THE SON OF THIS HOUSEHOLD AND YET YOU DON'T EVEN KNOW OF A SECRET ENTRANCE INSIDE!?

JOKING!

YOU'VE... GOT... TO BE...

I... I wouldn't do such a thing!

THEN WHAT DO YOU DO WHEN YOU WANT TO SECRETLY GO PLAY OUTSIDE WITHOUT THE ADULTS KNOWING!?

Well... If you want to go inside, that's what the front doors are for...

EVEN A CHILD ON THE STREETS KNOWS A SECRET PATH OR TWO!

JOKING!

YOU'VE... GOT... TO BE...

Just now-

Hello, Mr. Smith.

Ah-

Good day, young master.

ﾌﾞﾙﾙﾙﾙﾙﾙ

I just spotted a thrush bird's nest, that's all.

...O-oh, it's nothing, really.

What is it?

It really was. But for the lady of the house to bake a cake with her own two hands for mere servants such as myself. It really is unimaginable.

Right, that was quite scrumptious!

She baked a seed cake in the shape of a bird just the other day.

Thrushes? Well that's bound to make your mother happy.

Haha!

Mother told me she too worked here as a maid long ago... That's why she always tells me to be compassionate towards the servants as well.

YOU GIT! WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA IN GETTING SO CHUMMY WITH A SERVANT?

Take care.

This is no good. I cannot let myself become spoiled on the kindness of mistress and the young master. I must return to work now.

Err...

THE BOUNDARIES OF CLASSES MUST BE KEPT AT ALL TIMES!

OTHERWISE, THE WHOLE SOCIAL ORDER WOULD COME TUMBLING DOWN!

WHY, I'VE NEVER...! JUST SHUT UP AND HELP ME GET INSIDE!

...Yes?

WHAT, YOU THINK I'M SOME POOR PEDDLER OFF THE STREETS!?

And exactly what class are you from?

ピョー

GET OVER HERE AND PUSH ME UP!

Then you aren't...?

ヒョイ

WE'RE DEFI-NITELY GOING TO BE FOUND OUT...

OH, SHOOT! KEEP QUIET! SSHH!

DON'T YOU EVEN KNOW HOW TO TREAT A LADY!?

KYAAAA! WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU'RE TOUCHING!

What? Me too?

YOUR TURN.

My father's just a simple lawyer.

WHAT? BUT YOU LIVE HERE IN SUCH A BIG MANSION!

THERE AREN'T AS MANY SERVANTS INSIDE AS I EXPECTED.

Well, our family doesn't have enough money to hire so many servants

……

I've never been up there myself because it is rather scary..

Right

SO THE ATTIC IS...

U-UP THESE STAIRS ...

Y you're not scared as well, are you. ?

A alright, but just what are you looking for upstairs. ?

YOU BLOODY GIT!

OF COURSE NOT! AND DON'T YOU KNOW A MAN SHOULD FIRST LEAD THE WAY IN TIMES LIKE THIS,

DEFINITELY GET BACK AT HIM...

I'LL...

...SOMETHING TO MAKE ME STRONG.

....

IT BELONGS TO MY UNCLE.

BUT THERE'S SOMETHING UP HERE I NEED NO MATTER WHAT.

LOOK, I KNOW I'M BEING A LITTLE PUSHY,

SAY SOME-THING.

Hm?

HEY...

What is it, exactly?

And is it yours...?

A secret?

I CAN'T SAY! IT'S A STRICT SECRET BETEEN MY UNCLE AND MYSELF!

U-why, what's wrong?

And u ho's this uncle of y-

A REAL MAN SHOULD BE STRONG, WILD, AND COOL LIKE MY UNCLE...

I HATE BOYS LIKE YOU.

You're really saying that to ME!?

YES, IT'S A SECRET, AND I'M NOT ABOUT TO TELL IT TO SOME TIMID, UNDEPEND-ABLE GIT WHO EVEN GETS ROPED INTO FOLLOWING THE ORDERS OF SOMEONE HE'S ONLY MET FOR THE FIRST TIME!

かちこ

W-where's your proof...?

LET ME GUESS, YOU GET BULLIED AT GRAMMAR SCHOOL, DON'T YOU?

Professor Charles Darwin is a great naturalist!

I BET YOU'RE THE BOOKWORM-TYPE WHO GOES AROUND BELIEV-ING THAT RUBBISH ABOUT GORILLAS BEING OUR RELATIVES.

WHAT'D YOU SAY!?

Well, it's not like I care if you fancy me or not.

JUST LIKE I THOUGHT. I HATE SISSY SALLYS LIKE YOU.

It's only because Paul Simmons basically forced all the other kids to...

ガチャ

HAND ME THE KEYS.

THE 3RD ROOM FROM THE STAIRS SO... IT MUST BE THIS.

IT SHOULD BE...

Are you sure it's here?

OH WHAT'S THE BIG DEAL? WE'RE ONLY BORROWING THE KEYS.

ガチャ

If my father finds out, he'll be furious.

...AND JUST WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THE PREVIOUS OWNER?

There are only items left by the previous owner here.

ガラ ガラ

HMPH.

Not much, really.

Mother did say he was a very kind person, however...

!

A suitcase, hmm...

A SUIT-CASE.

What're you searching for?

WHA?

AGHHH!

ドサッ

Watch out!

PERHAPS THIS IS THE ONE...

ゆっさ

ゆっさ

Is the suitcase you're looking for...

ARE YOU ALRIGHT!?

A-

Ugh

OWW...

YES, THIS IS THE ONE!

This one...?

AGHH!

W-what is this!?

THIS SUITCASE AND ITS CONTENTS BELONG TO MY UNCLE, WALTER DE LA POER STREID.

OH, I MIGHT AS WELL AS TELL YOU NOW.

And what name was that?

YES... BUT WHILE HE LIVED HERE IN LONDON, HE ALSO HAD ANOTHER NAME.

You mean... The previous owner of this mansion and my mother's former master?

"SPRING-HEELED JACK."

IT'S NOT A JOKE. BACK WHEN HE LIVED HERE 10 YEARS AGO,

MY UNCLE TERRIFIED LONDONERS AS THE MYSTERIOUS BEAST OF DARKNESS.

Y-you're joking, right...?

Get to sleep, Or to you he'll creep!

Please stop. That song gives me the shivers.

Jack, Jack, the Spring-Heeled Jack!

I wasn't yet born back then but I do know of the song that people sing about him.

Second to bed, And Jack will ignore your head.

Please stop...

First child to hit the sack, Gets a golden rabbit from Jack!

I told you, I'm no good with that song...!

Limb from limb you'll be shred!

Jack's claws will turn you blood-red,

But last one to bed...

Thrash!

If not, Slash!

Are you fast asleep?

Leap! Leap!

HIS REAL IDENTITY WAS MY UNCLE WALTER.

He'll eat you up in a flash!

GO BRING SOME OF YOUR CLOTHES I CAN WEAR.

GOOD... I SHOULD CHANGE NOW.

.....

I WANT TO GET CHANGED IMMEDI-ATELY...

CURSE THESE FILTHY THREADS HE PUT ME IN...

Don't you think it's about time you stopped-

...Alright then.

N-no, I...

ARE YOU TELLING A LADY TO GO OVER TO THAT MONSTER'S HOUSE WEARING THIS!?

Take it or leave it...

HM... I WASN'T EXPECTING A FANCY DRESS OR ANYTHING BUT THESE CLOTHES ARE DREADFUL.

I DON'T PEEK!

JUST DON'T PEEK WHILE I GET CHANGED!

Agh-

So you're the niece of the previous owner of my home, Lord Streid?

Your name was... Juliet, right?

THERE'S HARDLY ANY PLACE TO GET CHANGED HERE!

THAT'S RIGHT. MY MOTHER IS BEATRICE DE LA POER STREID, YOUNGER SISTER OF LORD STREID.

AND MY FATHER IS MARQUESS OSCAR PEABODY.

Marquess ...

HMM, THIS PETTICOAT IS GETTING IN THE WAY OF THESE TROUSERS.

T-THEN YOU'RE THE DAUGHTER OF A MARQUESS!?

DEATH

THAT'S RIGHT! HAVE YOU A PROBLEM WITH THAT!?

NAA, MILADY...

KYAAA!

And who's this person you want to take revenge on, milady?

Well, what's the daughter of a marquess doing here in those worn-out clothes?

I'll never forgive that scum!

Professor William Holm... An avid photographer, he calls himself...

Mother Goose

Part 1 — End

黒博物館 The Black Museum

スプリンガルド Springald Side Story

Mother Goose

Part 2

I ASSUME A BOY LIKE YOU WOULD KNOW ALL ABOUT PHOTOGRAPHY, CORRECT?

THE BOOKWORM PROVES HIS WORTH! IN ANY CASE, THERE'S BEEN A LOT OF PRETENTIOUS PRATS GOING AROUND CALLING THEMSELVES PHOTOGRAPHERS THESE DAYS.

As of late, almost everyone has switched over to the new collodion plates...

Yes, a sliding box with a lens is fitted with a glass coated in a special sensitizer solution, to which sunlight can imprint images of people and objects.

Why? Is that some sort of fashion?

THEY HAVE LITTLE GIRLS PUT ON POOR, WORN-OUT RAGS,

AND POSE IN FRONT OF THEIR CAMERAS.

FOR PERMISSION TO CAPTURE ME "ARTISTICALLY."

THE ONE WHO TOOK PHOTOS OF ME ALSO CAME TO FORMALLY ASK MY PARENTS,

SINCE I NEVER HAD ANY INTEREST IN PHOTO-GRAPHS,

I WAS AGAINST IT FROM THE START,

I HAVE TO ADMIT, IT WAS RATHER FASCINATING AT FIRST,

AND SO THEY FORCED ME TO TRY IT ONCE, SAYING I DIDN'T HAVE TO CONTINUE IF I DIDN'T LIKE IT.

HE ALSO HAD SOLID CRE-DENTIALS AS AN ESTEEMED UNIVERSITY PROFESSOR.

BUT MY PARENTS HAVE A SOFTNESS FOR AESTHETICS AND ART.

BUT... IT WAS STRANGE ...

ASIDE FROM THE WHOLE SITTING STILL FOR TWO MINUTES...

I HAD ALREADY STRIPPED MYSELF BARE...

BEFORE I COULD REALIZE IT,

I OF COURSE DIDN'T STRIP DOWN BECAUSE I WANTED TO OR ANYTHING.

AND HIS AUSTRIAN-ACCENTED VOICE WHICH MADE MY BODY DO AS HE SAID...

BUT THERE WAS SOMETHING ABOUT HIS EYES,

AND THEY ALL LOOKED SO... EERILY VACANT. I HAD THE FEELING I WOULD TURN INTO ONE OF THEM IF I STAYED THERE ANY LONGER.

THERE WERE OTHER GIRLS WAITING TO HAVE THEIR PHOTO-GRAPHS TAKEN.

IN THE CAMERA STUDIO OF HIS ATTIC,

So the man milady wanted revenge on is...

BUT MY BODY WOULDN'T LISTEN TO ME...

I HATED IT AND WANTED TO LEAVE AT ONCE,

HE ALSO HAS A GANG OF RUFFIANS TO HELP HIM CARRY OUT HIS ART.

HE'S NOTHING BUT A RICH, DEGENER-ATE PERVERT.

YES, WILLIAM HOLM.

WHAT'S WITH ALL THIS MILADY TALK ALL OF A SUDDEN?

Degenerate pervert? A noble lady such as yourself should refrain from such words.

YOU CAN TAKE OFF THE BLIND-FOLD NOW.

BY THE WAY,

ガー

I, err... I was just thinking how well those boy's clothes suited on you but I do apologize, milady.

W-WHAT'S SO FUNNY!?

13°
.3.

Whereas I'm but a boy from a middle-class home.

Well... You are the daughter of a marquess, are you not?

WHY'RE YOU SUDDENLY ADDRESSING ME AS MILADY?

THERE YOU GO AGAIN!

YES, I... DID SAY THAT, BUT...

《DD

.....

Besides, was it not milady who previously stated that the boundaries of class must be kept at all times?

YOU DON'T NEED TO CHANGE NOW ALL OF A S-

ガタゴト

SIGH...

I SUPPOSE ...

So then, it would be unseemly of myself to address you so impertinently now that I am aware of your rank, would it not?

COME ALONG THEN!

I'M GOING TO PAY BACK THAT HEINOUS PROFESSOR HOLM FOR BRINGING SHAME UPON ME!

IN ANY CASE, YOU NOW UNDERSTAND MY CIRCUMSTANCES, DON'T YOU!?

HMPH!

Y-yes, milady...

YOU'RE TO CARRY THAT SUITCASE FOR ME!

I'M CERTAIN HE'S INSIDE THAT CAMERA STUDIO ON THE ROOFTOP,

EVEN AS WE SPEAK.

THERE, YOU CAN SEE IT FROM HERE.

Milady... Are you changing all the way out here...?

SPRING-HEELED JULIET WILL GIVE YOU THE THRASHING OF YOUR LIFE!

JUST YOU WAIT, HOLM.

I MUSTERED UP ALL MY COURAGE TO RUN FOR IT WHEN HOLM WASN'T LOOKING...

Would it not be better perhaps to get changed a little closer to his house...?

WAS A DEN FOR THE RUFFIANS HE KEEPS AS HIS PETS.

I SAW THAT THE ROW OF HOUSES IN FRONT OF HIS HOUSE,

AND AS I RAN OUT,

OTHERWISE, A PERSON WOULDN'T BE ABLE TO PASS THROUGH THAT STREET UNHARMED.

HIS MEN DIDN'T OPEN FIRE ON ME, BUT...

LUCKILY, BECAUSE HOLM CALLED OUT MY NAME AS HE CHASED AFTER ME,

カレン

YES.

Oh... So that's why milady came up with the idea of using these spring-heels to leap inside his house.

I'VE NEVER FORGOTTEN ABOUT THE STORIES MY UNCLE TOLD ME OF HIS TIME AS SPRING-HEELED JACK, YOU SEE.

MY UNCLE WAS EVER SO KIND TO ME.

MY FAMILY OFTEN WENT TO IRELAND TO VISIT MY UNCLE OVER THE HOLIDAYS.

STORIES OF THINGS HE'D SEEN AND HEARD DURING HIS TRAVELS AROUND THE WORLD...

HE WOULD TELL ME STORIES IN FRONT OF THE FIREPLACE.

AND WHEN THE REST OF MY FAMILY BUT I FELL ASLEEP,

MY LITTLE JULIET?

AND WHY IS THAT,

I WISH I WERE BORN AS A BOY.

YOU KNOW, UNCLE,

YES, UNCLE. I ABSOLUTELY ADORE RUNNING! I WISH I COULD RUN, RUN, AND EVEN FLY LIKE A BIRD.

PETTICOATS, TOO! THEY GET IN THE WAY AND SLOW YOU DOWN WHEN YOU RUN.

WELL, BOYS DON'T HAVE TO PUT UP WITH CORSETS. I HATE THOSE TIGHT, STUFFY THINGS BUT I DON'T HAVE MUCH SAY IN THE MATTER.

YOU LOVE TO RUN, DON'T YOU, JULIET?

HE TOLD ME,

THAT IT'S IMPOSSIBLE FOR HUMANS TO FLY...!

BUT... THAT JOHNBOY, THE SON OF LORD LIPPARS LAUGHED AT ME WHEN I TOLD HIM.

FLY LIKE A BIRD? YES, THAT IS A NICE THOUGHT.

YOU SEE, YOUR UNCLE FLEW A LONG TIME AGO.

HM?

NOT QUITE...

So that's how you knew this Spring-Heeled Jack suit was in the attic of my house...

NOD NOD

WHAT DO YOU MEAN...?

RIGHT...

BETWEEN JUST YOU AND YOUR UNCLE...

LET US KEEP THIS AS A STRICT SECRET.

HERE GOES...

MY UNCLE COULD HARDLY REMEMBER WHERE HE HID IT, AS HE DIDN'T SEEM TO CARE TOO MUCH ABOUT IT ANYMORE.

STILL, I DOUBT HE EXPECTED THAT I WOULD GO LOOKING FOR IT TO USE IT MYSELF.

Are you really going through with this, milady?

OF COURSE I AM! HOW ELSE AM I GOING TO PUNISH THAT LOW-LIFE!?

WHOA, I'M UP SO HIGH!

Agh-

WHOA-

LET ME JUST PUT ON THIS TOP HAT AND...

WELL THEN...

UNCLE WALTER TOLD ME IT WAS BROKEN ONCE AND HE HAD TO FIX IT...

The left leg seems rather stiff...

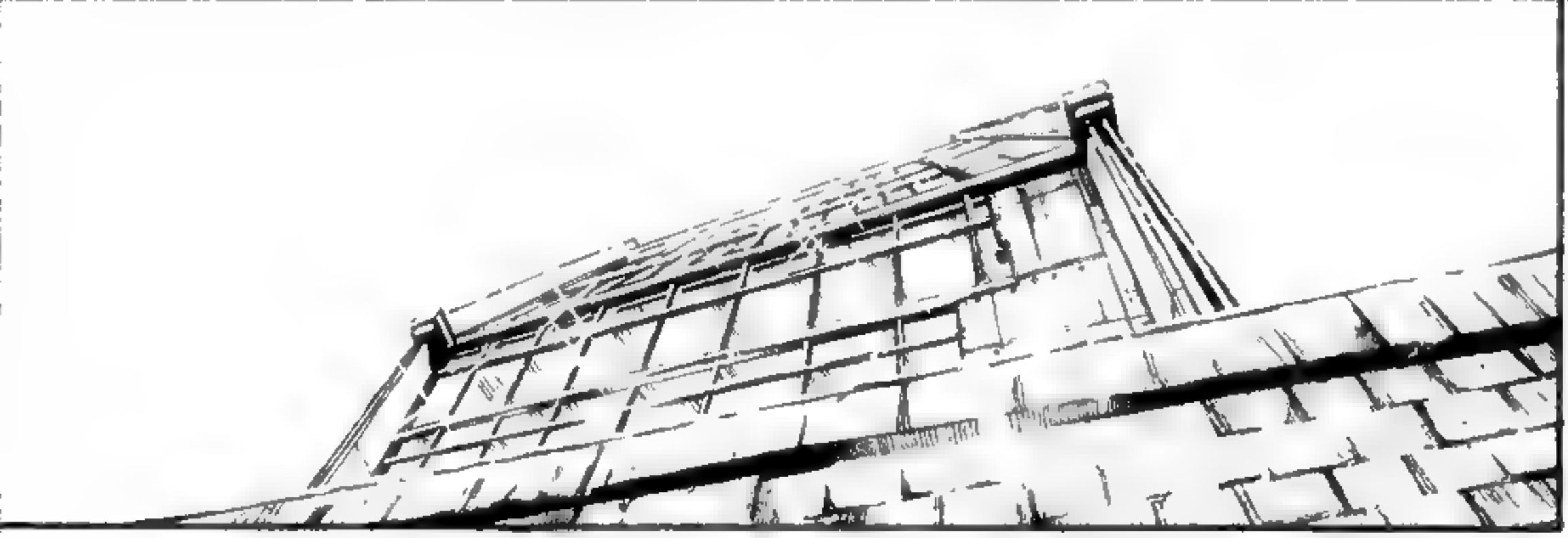
OF-

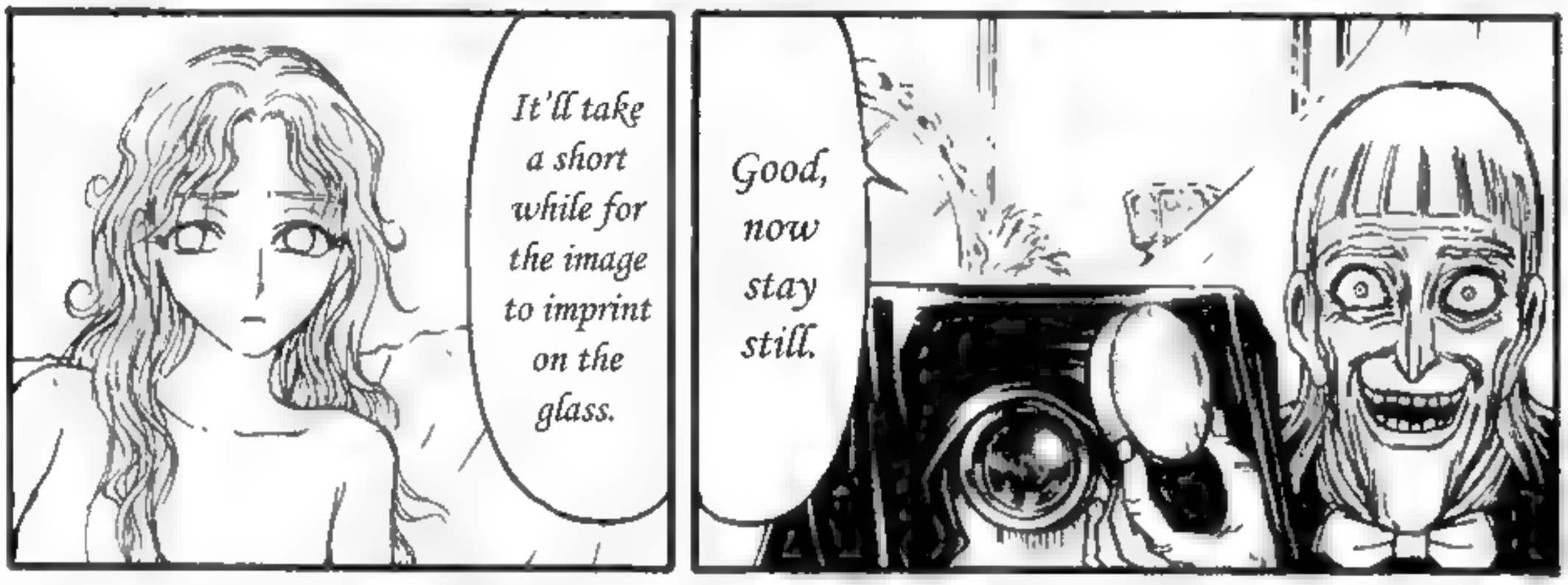
W-WAIT, ME TOO!?

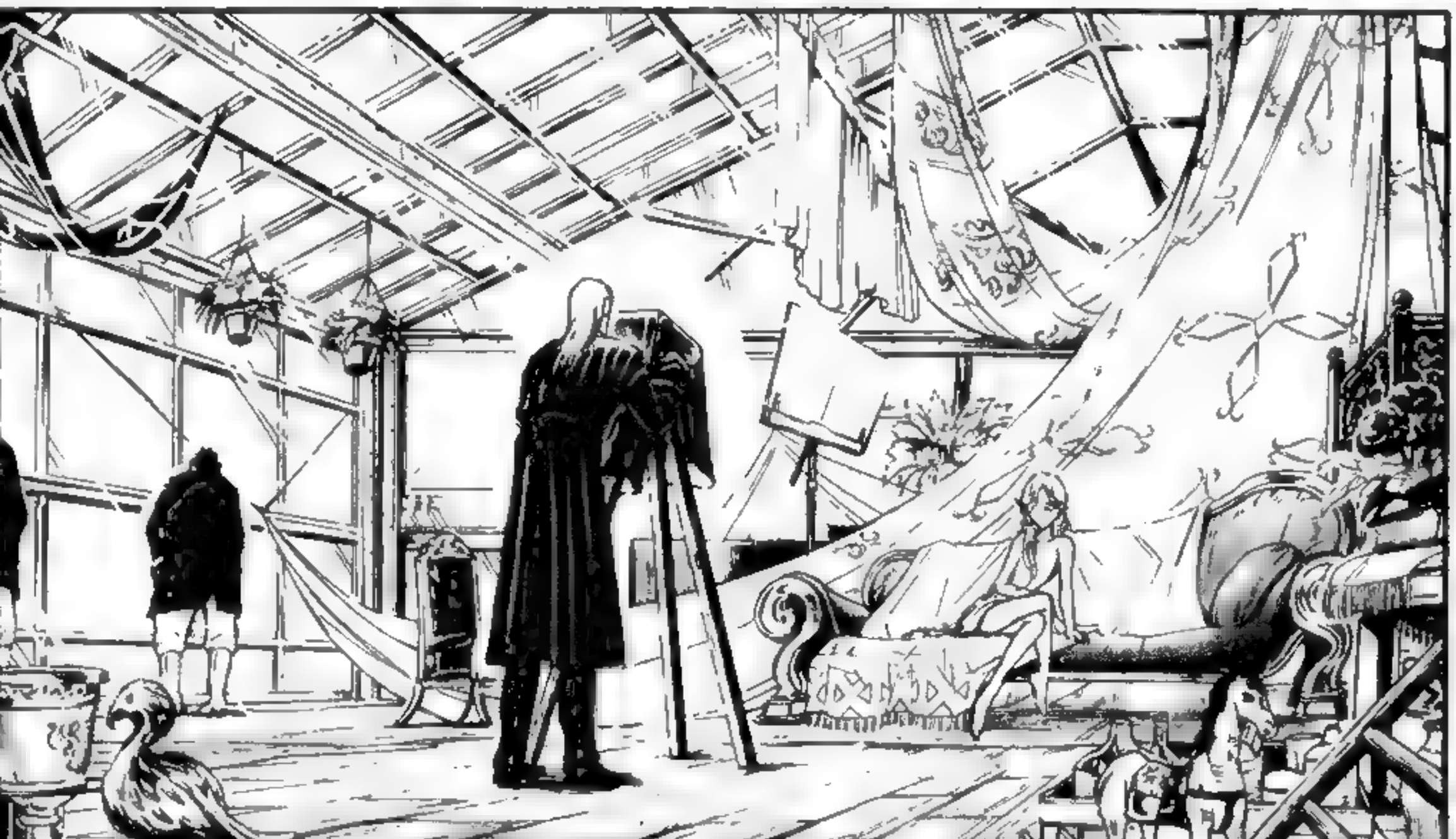
Oh...

THERE! WE'RE ALL SET TO GO, ARTHUR!

COURSE YOU'RE COMING ALONG!




It'll take a short while for the image to imprint on the glass.
Good, now stay still.



WOT'S THAT?
HM?
!

ビョオオン

ピョーン

MASTER!

SEEMS TO BE COMIN' THIS WAY...

IS THAT A... HUMAN?

AHAHAHA!

GAHHH!

EEEEK!

HAH!

AHHHHH!

WHOA-

I'M FLYING, I'M FLYING!

LET'S GO!

L-LOOK AHEAD!

OH PIPE DOWN.

I-IT'S A MONSTER!

W-u hat business do you have with my hallowed grounds for the arts. ?

W-who are you. ?

Y... YOU'VE DEFILED THESE GIRLS HERE WITH YOUR CAMERA LENS...

DON'T THINK YOU'LL BE ABLE TO PHOTOGRAPH US AGAIN ONCE I'M THROUGH WITH YOU!

SHE'S... TREM-BLING!?

Did you not say you would teach him a lesson?

What's wrong, milady?

WHISPER WHISPER

は？

Haha...

You say...?

Photograph "us,"

!?

A-ARE YOU DAFT!? IF YOU SAY THAT...

Behind that mask must be one of my fair, little models...

Come then... Waste no more time and strip your clothes again.

What's wrong with you, milady!?

Mother Goose

Part 2

End

黒博物館 The Black Museum

スプリンガルド Springald Side Story

Mother Goose

Part 2

Off to visit the Professor, What will happen next...?
Leap, leap, off goes Spring-Heeled Jack, With a girl inside and a boy on its back!

Behind that cold, frightful exterior is one of my pure maidens, am I wrong?

Shall I guess your identity?

Juliet!

Just strip dou n to your bare skin, first.

You came back, wanting to be photo graphed like the others, didn t you?

Well, that's fine with me..

Even though ran away earlier,

You can't do this, Juliet!

Get a hold of yourself!

Ohh!

I don't know what you were planning to do, dressing up as that monster from long ago, but you never scared me for a second.

OH NO...

I CAN'T MOVE...

Ah, so it was you, Juliet.

That's a good girl.

You are most beautiful when nude.

Come on then, my fair Juliet.

I... I'M HELPLESS IN FRONT OF THIS MAN...

I'M TERRI-FIED!

Are you not ashamed of yourself?

And who are you? I have no business with little boys...

ARTHUR...

My photographs are art!

D... D... Depraved, you say...?

How dare you coerce defenceless little girls into taking depraved photographs...

You are no gentleman!

QUIET!

NO THEY'RE NOT!

YOU'RE IN FOR A RUDE SURPRISE!

IF YOU THINK ALL CHILDREN WILL QUIET DOWN JUST BECAUSE YOU TELL THEM TO,

AND THE LESS SUSCEPTIBLE I WILL BE TO YOUR HYPNOTIC WORDS...!

THE MORE MY NERVES ARE STIRRED,

EVERY-TIME YOU STRIKE ME,

ARTHUR

SHUT UP, SHUT UP!

From your authoritative tone to your restrained mannerisms...

Juliet's very conscious towards classes, and is thus susceptible to those with authority...

H... How can a boy like you figure that out...?

For your wicked ends!

Towards the fact that you're misusing Dr. Franz Anton Mesmer's theories on mesmerism,

All these signs point...

Even your Austrian accent...

HMPH, YOU'RE STILL A MERE CHILD!

ARE NOT SOMETHING A PROPER SCIENTIST WOULD DO!

BOTH YOUR BRAND OF PHOTOG-RAPHY AND HYP-NOTISM,

However...

Yes, I am a child!

Every child will one day,

Grow up into an adult!

HUFF

It's nothing, milady.

ARTHUR, YOU'RE HURT... I'M SO SORRY FOR GETTING YOU DRAGGED IN ALL OF THIS...

YOU'RE LATE, YOU CUNTS!

MASTER! WAS THE RUCKUS EARLIER 'CAUSE OF THIS BRAT!?

I only said what I wished to say...

As you suspected, I did as a matter of fact study mesmerism under Dr. Mesmer at Vienna, in addition to photography at another place.

Since you've got some brains for a child, let me make this clear.

WHAT IS WRONG WITH ME USING HYPNOSIS FOR THE SAKE OF SUBLIME HUMAN BEAUTY!

I AM AN ARTIST!

Just as a naturalist anaesthetises his butterflies to display their beauty...

My aim is merely to capture the most beautiful moment of these pristine maidens.

But I practice these two with no malevolent intentions.

W-WHAT'S THAT MANIACAL CACKLE!?

!?

It... Couldn't be...

.....

Who could it be!?

Long ago... I knew a similar duffer,

Who would spew such hogwash.

As with butter-flies...?

So you wish to preserve beauty,

WHO D'YOU THINK YOU ARE!?

STOP RIGHT THERE!

There is no "most beautiful" or sublime anything to be found in sterile samples or photographs...

The boy over there is correct.

NGHH!

Uncle Walter!

WHA-

KILL HIM!

Is their power to change...

For humans, their most sublime quality,

H...

HE JUMPED!

SLASH

S... SOME-ONE HELP...

It seems you tried to silence your detractors with this gang of ruffians...

I had heard rumours of some aristocrat taking depraved photographs of little girls...

I may not have the right to lecture you on what's right or wrong,

Nor do I have any intention of doing so, but.

HELP!

You made a grave error by laying hands on my lovely little niece.

A back door, Juliet?

WHAT DO WE DO, UNCLE? DOWN BELOW IS FULL OF ARMED THUGS... MAYBE WE SHOULD TRY TO FIND A BACK DOOR TO ESCAPE...

THE MASTER'S BEEN ATTACKED! C'MON, FELLAS! LET'S GO GET THE INTRUDER!

ドカドカ

B... BUT HOW?

You will always proudly use the main doors.

You are no less than the niece of Marquess Walter de la Poer Streid.

Cleared by Spring-Heeled Jack.

All you have to do is follow the path,

Err...

As for the girls here, I've asked a friend of mine in Scotland Yard to take care of them.

Your parents should be here shortly.

Thank you, my lord...

Right down to your striking fortitude...

Haha... You're the spitting image of your mother.

I concede defeat to the likes of you and your mother.

とん

A-AS IF I WOULD EVER FANCY A BOY LIKE HIM!

Juliet, careful not to fall for this boy.

The Streid household is quite vulnerable to these types.

With a great leap,

Spring-Heeled Jack leapt down below,

Took care of all the thugs below,

Your uncle is incredible, milady...

He disappeared across the horizon.

And within a flash...

EVEN IF I PLEADED?

WON'T YOU DO IT FOR ME,

But you're the daughter of a marquess...

HEY... COULD YOU, ERR... STOP IT WITH THAT MILADY TALK?

OH THANK GOODNESS!

S-sure...

JULIET!

カラカラ

W-WAIT!

Let us put this sordid affair behind and go home.

Oh thank heavens! We heard everything from your uncle!

MOTHER! FATHER!

Shellby? Can't say I've ever heard that name...

Well, in any case, thank you for your help, lad.

HIS NAME IS ARTHUR SHELLBY.

Arthur?

ARTHUR HELPED IN SAVING ME!

Juliet! Don't act so immodestly!

ARTHUR! ARTHUR!

WHAT, BUT ARTHUR WAS...

Oh no, milady, that won t be nece-

We'll send our servant later to give you a proper reward.

Good-bye, Juliet!

ARTHUR, THANKS FOR EVERY-THING! I... I...

But that man would say this:

May say such things,

Her parents or relatives,

They cannot be together!

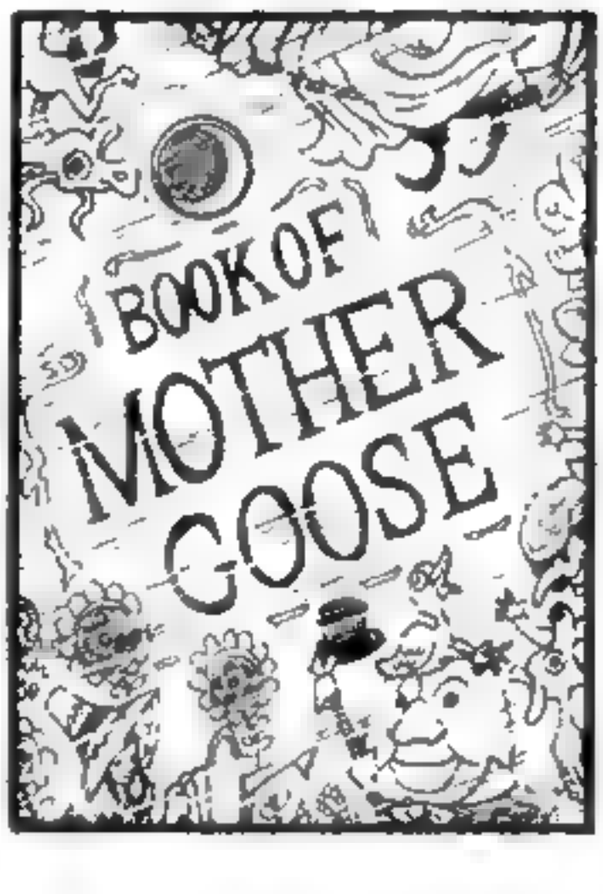
Now then...

What became of those two, you wonder?

Nobody knows but those two themselves.

It matters not!

How trifling!



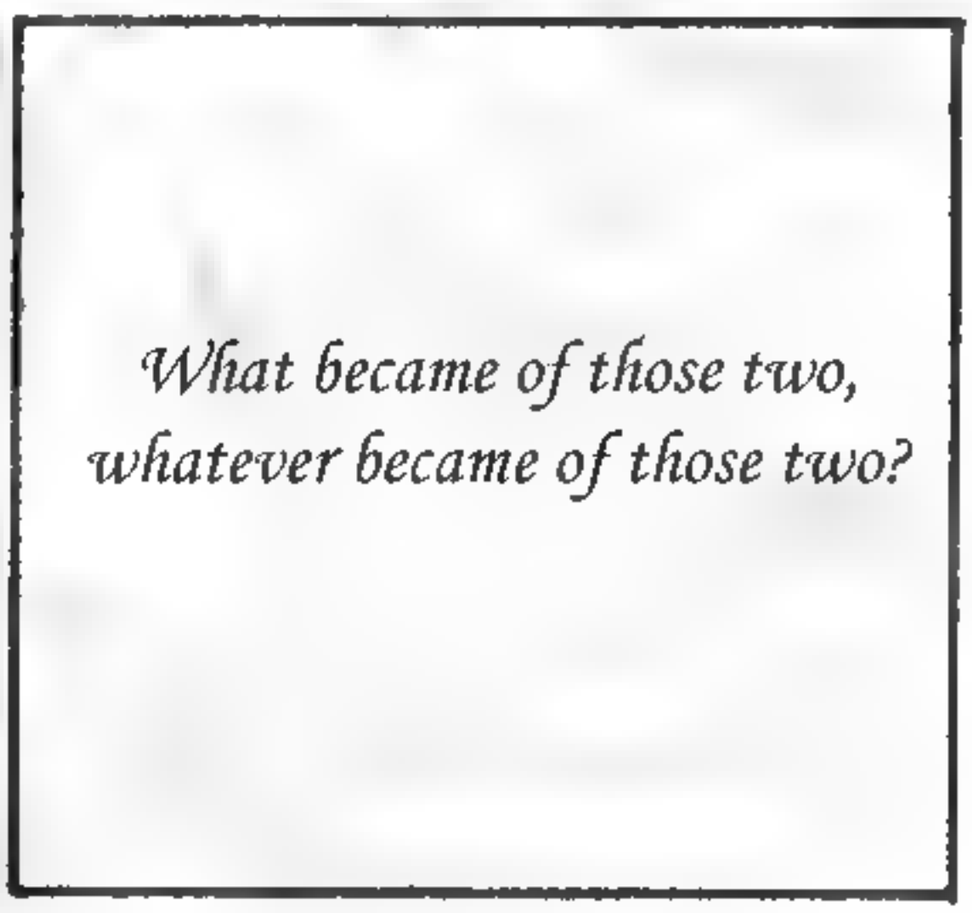
Jack jump over the candlestick,

Jack be nimble, Jack be quick,

ほの友

Oh, it's almost time for them to arrive.

Would you look at the time! Getting here was quite the trouble.


What became of those two, whatever became of those two?

Welcome. You must be the couple who requested a tour of the Black Museum, yes?

Well... It's only because you wanted to take a detour to Westminster.

You couldn't even read a map to save your life!

Oh, for heaven's sake!

...But I had to see the circus no matter what!

And an evidence from it should be housed here.

Ah, yes! We're investigating a certain case,

Very well, come this way...

Whatever became of those two...

That is a secret.

BLACK MUSEUM

See you next time.

Black Museum Springald — The End

The Black Museum

Springald

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Special thanks to
Jinka Katsuo

Translated by Hox
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Afterword

"The terror of London who scared young women out of their wits was, in actuality, quite timid when dealing with women."

What a marvelous line that is, taken from Jinka Katsuo's chapter on Spring-Heeled Jack in his book, "London's Bizarre Legends" (published by Media Factory).

It was Mr. Terauchi, the editor at Weekly Morning and an admirer of England, who first handed over that book to me. Although I had my hands full with ongoing shounen series (Moonlight Act), I couldn't resist when I read this line.

"A phantom with spring-heels in the foggy nights of Victorian-era London... What an atmosphere. And this suspected marquess is quite the character as well," I thought.

"I wonder what kind of man this marquess was? Why did he choose to jump around...? And in such a disguise...?"

Many times, I pondered such questions without growing tired of it. And so, after a few years and several attempts since I first read that book, my Spring-Heeled Jack manga is complete at last. And to think, Jinka Katsuo, the very author of the book that originally inspired me, was kind enough to write some extra commentary for my book!

Words cannot express how grateful and excited I am.

Fool's *Black Museum*

Fujita Kazuhiro

Oh, really? Thanks, guys.
This curator character's pretty good.
Assistants
Oh, you read my new book?
You liked the curator? Thanks.
Look, you're just a curator. Why would a minor character like you take the center stage?
Is my reception favourable?
If so, perhaps I could take the main role in the next chapter...?
I gotta go meet Mr. Jinka!
God, stop annoying me!
But I too am fashionably interesting, am I not...!?

I'd like to express my sincerest thanks to Mr. Jinka once again. Had it not been for him, my Springald would have never been able to leap into this world... of fiction.

I would also like to thank Tanikawa Shuntarou for his Japanese translation of Mother Goose.

Now then, it is time for the Black Museum to close for today. However, due to the displeased demands of the amusing Ms. Curator, I plan to re-open the museum some time again in the future.

Both the curator and I will be pleased if you will be there to join us again when that time comes.

-Fujita Kazuhiro-

★この物語はフィクションです。登場するすべての人名・地名・団体名等は実在のものと一切関係ありません。

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講談社モーニング編集部　モーニングKC係

黒博物館（くろはくぶつかん） スプリンガルド

2007 年 9 月 21 日　第 1 刷発行

著者　藤田和日郎（ふじたかずひろ）
発行者　五十嵐隆夫
発行所　株式会社 講談社
〒112-8001 東京都文京区音羽2-12-21
電話　編集部(03)3945-9155　販売部(03)5395-3608
装丁・本文デザイン　葛西恵
印刷所　株式会社 廣済堂
製本所　本村製本株式会社
N.D.C.726　247p　21cm　（定価はカバーに表示してあります）

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講談社

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モーニングKC1630　ISBN978-4-06-372630-5　Printed in Japan

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